The too and fro conflicting winde and raine,
This night wherein the cub-drawne Beare would couch,
The Lyon, and the belly pinched Wolfe
Keepe their furre dry, vnbonneted he runnes,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the foole, who labours to out-ieft
His heart ftrooke iniuries.

Kent. Sir I do know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my Arte,
Commend a deare thing to you, there is diuifion,
Although as yet the face of it be couer'd
With mutuall cunning, twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*.
But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
Into this fcatterd kingdom, who already wife in our negligence
Haue fecret fee in fome of our beft Ports,
And are at point to fhew their open banner,
Now to you, if on my credite you dare build fo farre,
To make your fpeed to *Douer*, you fhall finde
Some that will thanke you, making iuft report
Of how vnnaturall and bemadding forrow
The King hath cauſe to plaine;
I am a Gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from fome knowledge and aſſurance,
Offer this Office to you.

Gent. I will talke farther with you.

Kent. No do not,
For confirmation that I much more
Then my outwall, open this purſe and take
What it containes, if you ſhall ſee *Cordelia*,
As doubt not but you ſhall, ſhew her this ring,
And ſhe will tell you who your fellow is,
That yet you do not know, fie on this ſtorme,
I will goe ſeeke the King.

Gent. Giue me your hand, haue you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet,
That when we haue found the King,

Ile this way, you that, he that firſt lights
On him, hollow the other.

Enter Lear and Foole.

Lear. Blow winde and cracke your cheekes, rage, blow
You carterickes, and Hircanios ſpout till you haue drench
The ſteeples, drownd the cockes, you ſulpherous and
Thought executing fires, vaunt-currers to
Oke-cleauing thunder-bolts, ſing my white head,
And thou all ſhaking thunder, ſmite flat
The thicke rotundity of the world, cracke natures
Mold, all Germains ſpill at once that make
Ingratefull man.

Foole. O Nunckle, Court holy water in a dry houſe
Is better then this raine water out a doore,
Good Nunckle in, and aske thy daughters bleſſing,
Here's a night pitties neyther wiſe man nor foole.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, ſpit fire, ſpout raine,
Nor raine, winde, thunder, fire, are my daughters,
I taske not you, you Elements with vnkindneſſe,
I neuer gaue you kingdome, cald you children,
You owe me no ſubſcription; why then let fall your horri
Pleaſure, here I ſtand your ſlaue, a poore, infirme, weake,
Deſpiſed old man, but yet I call you ſeruile
Miniſters, that haue with two pernitious daughters ioyn'
Your high engendered battell gainſt a head ſo old and w
As this, O tis foule.

Foole. He that has a houſe to put his head in, has a goo
peece, the codpeece that will houſe before the head, has
head and he ſhall lowſe, ſo beggers marry many, the m
makes his toe, what he his heart ſhould make, ſhall haue
cry woe, and turne his ſleepe to wake, for there was n
faire woman, but ſhe made mouthes in a glaſſe.

Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patience,
I will ſay nothing.

Enter Kent.

Kent. Who's there?